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EULOGIUM ON CLARKSON,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL,

AND A

POEM ON FREEDOM,

BY

MR. CHARLES L. REASON.

THE MAN: THE HERO: THE CHRISTIAN!

A EULOGY

ON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

THOMAS CLARKSON:

DELIVERED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK;

DECEMBER, 1846.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL,
RECTOR OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

TOGETHER WITH

FREEDOM:

A POEM, READ ON THE SAME OCCASION

BY

Mr. CHARLES L. REASON.

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——When Clarkson his victorious course began,
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,
He rests in glory on the western isles.

MONTGOMERY.

Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire it was, by thee
Is known,—by none, perhaps, so feelingly;
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant voice its charge repeat
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of time
With unabating effort, see the palm
Is won, and by all nations shall be worn!
The bloody writing is forever torn,
And thou henceforth shall have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind.

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EULOGIUM.

This funereal observance, melancholy as it is in its significance, has yet its softening aspects. Mournful as are the associations connected with the event which excites our regrets, yet there are many and peculiar solaces. For distressing as it is to behold the benignant sons of freedom sink, one after another, below the horizon, there is alleviation in the thought, that there were many who rejoiced in the full-orbed glory of their open day; and now that they have receded from our skies, the light they have left behind does not stream upon this generation unappreciated and disregarded. It has not always been even thus. It is but recently that the holy and the good have been able to command deserved attention. The world has been rolling on six thousand years in its course; and now, in these latter days, the Philanthropist is just beginning to obtain the regard and honor he so richly merits. During this long period, mankind absorbed in trifling and fruitless anxieties, have passed by, and neglected, the great good men of earth. The record of the past of human history, is a memorial of this shameful fact; true, with but few exceptions, equally and alike, of nearly all nations, in all periods of time.

The fragments snatched from the almost barren past of Egyptian history, relate chiefly to the murderous exploits of, a Sesostris or a Shiskah; and the remains of its high and unequalled art are the obelisks and the urns, commemorative of bloody conquerors—or the frowning pyramids, upon whose walls are the hieroglyphic representations of War, Conquest, and Slavery. The annals of Greece and Rome are but slightly varied in their aspects, and their teachings. They favor us with but few of the features of the worthy and the good. They do indeed reveal some slight touches of a slowly rising civilization; but restrained ever by the tightened grasp of a cold hearted heathenism. Their largest spaces are devoted to the exploits of infirm and furious deities, or else to the memories of men chiefly distinguished by the brutality of animal passions. And the literature they have transmitted to our day, is chiefly the gorgeous representation of sanguinary deeds, dressed up in the glowing imagery of master poets; or else the fulminations of passionate men, exciting, by wondrous oratory, to scenes of strife and vengeance. And this is the general coloring of history. In the past, its more numerous pages are given to the names and exploits of such men as Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, and Tamerlane: and in times nearer to our own day we find it thus. The records of the middle ages are mostly narratives of Crusaders and Troubadours. And in our own immediate era, Marlborough and Gustavus, Napoleon and Nelson and Wellington, have attracted as much notice and admiration

as any of their contemporaries in the quieter walks of civil life, however distinguished for talent or for genius.

All this, however, pertains mostly to the past of human history. *We* have advanced to a different era and have reached a more open day. War, conquest, and valor have no longer their own way entirely, nor pursue, unmolested, their own career. The mind of this age is not wholly absorbed in the sanguinary and the warlike. Moral, benevolent, and Christian characteristics begin to attract attention. The dazzling scintillations of the chieftain or the war-god, are now decidedly eclipsed by the steady and enduring lustre of the Moralist, the Friend of Man, the Christian or the adventurous Missionary. The gods of this world are fast losing rank.

"——From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down."
Wordsworth.

Higher, nobler, and worthier objects are now receiving human admiration. The tribute of the Poet's lays, or the Orator's lofty periods, are as freely given to the Philanthropist, as heretofore they were bestowed upon the hero and the conqueror. Art, Poetry, and Eloquence are his willing votaries to speak his praise.

"———Th' Historic Muse
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture in her turn
Gives bond in stone and ever-enduring brass
To guard them, and t'immortalize her trust."
Cowper.

Such being the change in the world's morals and the world's sentiments, it is by no means extraordinary, but natural and befitting, that we have assembled here this evening to commemorate distinguished worth and eminent moral character.

Thomas Clarkson, to whose honor and memory we have gathered together to render our tribute of respect and gratitude, was an Englishman. More than this, and of higher import, he was a Christian and a Philanthropist. The chief activity of his long life was given to zealous endeavor, to demolish the statutes which legalized and sanctioned the trade in African slaves, and affix upon it the brand and reprobation of piracy. This was the object of his life. This was his *mission*:—and he succeeded in it. To him, more than any of the Philanthropists of that great land, or at least, as much as any of them, belongs the endless glory and renown, of having displaced a monstrous villainy from beside the common honest pursuits of commercial enterprise, and classifying it with those high crimes and misdemeanors, alike the reprobation of Christian and of heathen morality.

Of the earlier portions of Mr. Clarkson's life we have but little acquaintance, or of the more minute details of his private and domestic character. Having so lately deceased, no definite nor minute biography has, as yet, reached our shores, to furnish us with such

information. Fragments only of his boyhood and his youth are in our possession. We see him first upon the stage of action in early manhood, when the exuberance of his youthful spirit having passed away, he was ripening into the firmness and the strength of a fresh and vigorous manhood; and thence passed along the horizon, struggling ever and anon with the clouds which would fain obscure his brightness, or the storms which would hinder his progress; yet emerging from them all clear, distinct, and luminous, until at last he sinks to repose, as the sun declines at eventide, amid the brightness and the luxuriance of an autumn sunset.

Bare, however, as are the known incidents of his early days, we shall briefly narrate them. Thomas Clarkson was the son of a gentleman who held the situation of master in a free grammar school. He was born on the 30th of March, 1760, at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire. The first rudiments of his education he obtained from his father. From *his* charge he passed to Cambridge University, where he completed his pupilage and gained distinction.

The incidents compressed in the few paragraphs thus recited, cover a period of twenty-four years. How much of maternal solicitude and prayerfulness, of fatherly care and watchfulness, on the one hand, and then of boyish thoughtfulness and rectitude, of earnest strivings against sin, of noble aspirations after truth, godliness, and grace, of youthful purity and determination, and, at last, of moral decisiveness and spiritual purpose, was included in this period, is hidden from our sight. It must have been most rarely characterized however, by all the genial influences of a pious parentage, of virtuous instructors, of a chaste and upright youth, and of the Divine Benignity, to have resulted in a manhood so firm and lofty, and a maturity so serene and majestic. An enervated youth rarely produces vigorous a manhood. When the dawn of an individual's existence is overcast by the clouds of, error and impurity, we may not expect to see its evening twilight, clear, undisturbed, and beauteous. But when youthful rectitude and honor rise up before us, we may anticipate a clear, open manhood, and a green and honored old age:

"*This* morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

Thus, most probably, in purity and goodness, the youthful Clarkson trod the flowery pathways and the pleasant groves of Art, Literature, Science and Religion.

He had now nearly reached his twenty-fifth year. This is a remarkable period in any man's life. The previous stages of our short pilgrimage are spent in preparation, (whether mercantile, mechanical, or literary,) for the duties and responsibilities of life: but at this period, the burdens of individual care are entered upon; personal responsibility is assumed; self-dependence becomes a consciousness, and we launch out from the shelter of parental control, and enter, self-reliant, amid the scenes and responsibilities of actual life.

The ingenuous youth passing from the vale of obscurity up to the elevations of early manhood, can look abroad thence upon the various

avenues of adventure which branch out in every direction through life, and make his own selection of the path he will choose for his course through life. And felicitous in the extreme is that man's lot, whose vision has not been obscured by premature indiscretions; or his, who blinds not the light vouchsafed him from on high; or his, who shuns the windings and confusion of infidelity and error, not deeming that—

"——light which leads astray
Is light from heaven;——"

or his, who has the advantage of distinguished ancestors, treading the golden ways of right and duty, to guide his feet; or the man who is blessed with the conjunction of distinct and undoubted providences, falling like stars from heaven, to illumine his skies and make clear the road of life.

In Mr. Clarkson's case, with the union of all these fortuitous circumstances, there seems to have been particularly the last. If the providences of God may be regarded as an intimation of His will, it may not be presumptuous to declare our belief in the Divine assistance granted him, to decide the path which duty called him to pursue—in leading the current of his mind in *that* direction which it took—to make that election and form that decision which was the augur of such noble events, and the parent of such enlarged gifts. The belief in such high guidance, is suggested by a reference to incidental occurrences of his life, at this period.

I said that Mr. Clarkson was a member of Cambridge University, an institution which has for centuries been celebrated for the contributions it has made to science and learning, and for the distinguished men who have received therein the discipline of education, and the advantages that tend to develope character, create high scholarship, and stimulate to high and lofty endeavor. Many of the greatest minds of England were first trained and nurtured under her fostering care and lofty erudition. On the catalogue which registers her world-renowned sons, are inscribed the names of such men as Bacon, Milton, Cudworth, Barrow, Henry Moore, and Newton. Her contributions to the cause of piety, religious reformation, philanthropy, and freedom, have not been less distinguished. Perhaps no seat of learning in the world has done more, or as much, for human liberty and human well-being, than this institution. Of this no better evidence need be given than the presentation of the names of Latimer, Cranmer, George Herbert, Ridley, Howard, Wilberforce, and Clarkson.

In the year 1784, Dr. Peckherd, a distinguished divine of the Church of England, was appointed to the Mastership of Magdalen College, in the University of Cambridge. This gentleman had been noted in his earlier life by able treatises in theology, and by his strong advocacy of the cause of civil and religious liberty. In the dignity of his official station he did not forget the noble themes, which had animated his youthful bosom and enlisted his youthful energies. Accordingly, when called upon to preach before the University, he chose his

favorite topic, "Human Liberty and the Rights of Man." In this discourse he introduced some animadversions upon the Slave Trade, and denounced it in terms at once distinct, nervous, and emphatic. But his testimony, though given before a learned and religious body, did not satisfy the yearning spirit of this humane and large-hearted Divine. He was anxious to do yet more for the suffering victims of avarice and oppression. In the year 1785, being then Vice Chancellor of the University, he made use of another opportunity to demonstrate his repugnance to Slavery, and his steadfast adherence to the cause of Freedom. It devolved upon him, in virtue of his office, to announce two subjects for Latin dissertations—one to the middle Bachelors of Arts, and the other to the senior. The writers of the two best essays were to receive the prizes. To the senior Bachelors the theme proposed was—"Is it right to make slaves of others against their will."

In the year preceding this, Mr. Clarkson had gained a prize for writing the best Latin Dissertation. In order to retain his reputation in the eye of the University, it became him, then, if possible, to bear off again the palm of victory. To do so it was necessary that he should produce the best Essay upon this Anti-Slavery theme.

Here let us pause. Around this green spot let us linger. It is full of the most inspiring influences. A heart now is to be tuned to the softest music of humanity. A soul is about being mastered by the loftiest suggestions of benevolence and love. A mind is filled with a noble object; and its strong currents are henceforth to run in unison with the benignant stream of sacred truth and christian duty. What a crowd of thoughts and suggestions throng and gather around such an event as this,—an event destined to a lasting record among the treasures of History, and invested with all the "mellowing hues" that cluster around touching incident and association!

Mr. Clarkson addressed himself to this effort with all the zeal and ardor incited by a remembrance of his lately gained honor, and all the ambition of a youthful mind, anxious to prove itself worthy of a high position. With the subject itself he had almost no acquaintance. This was the first distinct presentation of it to his thought. Thus a complete novice, he commenced the mastering of this important subject. Mr. Clarkson tells us that with the idea of literary honor in his mind, he expected much satisfaction from the arrangement and prosecution of his plan. This was the work of the *head*. But the subject now opened upon him. As he advanced, new ideas and suggestions were presented to his consideration, new scenes to his fancy, wondrous and unheard of distresses to his imagination. Such tales of rapine and of carnage, had never, even in report, come to his knowledge. Such pictures of agony and woe had never met his vision. A whole continent lay before him, eclipsed and benighted by the malignant orbs of Slaughter and Murder. Shrieks, wails and moanings, the clank of chains, the sounds of flaggellation, and the utterances of despair, were wafted to his ears. Bolts, fetters, brands and shackles, dark prison holes, and the gloomy dungeons of "perfidious barks," were the objects that flitted before his

sight. The student's ambition melted before these realities; and the visions of pride and emulation, faded gradually away, His *heart* began to be interested as well as his head tasked. The recital of all the various scenes of suffering, outrage, and agony inflicted upon the poor victims of cruelty and avarice, opened the avenues of sympathy and commisseration, which flowing unimpeded in their natural channels, neutralized the force of scholastic aspiration and of literary pride.

I have no language by which to express, adequately, the intense and painful interest, excited by this subject, in Mr. Clarkson's mind.

His own words are fittest to describe such a state of feeling, bordering on agony. "No person" says he "can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from putting them together, and from thought in the interim, that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honor. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the day time, I was uneasy. In the night, I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eye-lids for grief. It became now, not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa. And keeping this in my mind ever after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable; conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause."

Thus was the ambitious student transformed into the humane philanthropist; and under the influence of such feelings, coloring a mind naturally sensitive and active, Mr. Clarkson composed his Essay: and the result was as might be anticipated. He demonstrated his masterly ability, and was again honored with the first prize.

This issue of this effort, was not the issue of the question, which had stirred every noble feeling and every generous sentiment of his soul. The whole man was aroused with an agitation, which pervaded every element of his being. His entire thought was absorbed in this momentous subject. The whole current of existence now ran in this direction. The consideration of this topic, the harrowing tales it presented of crime, blood and rapine, had given to his mind a proclivity, which the ordinary concerns of scholastic life, or, the high expectations of a growing professional career could not turn aside. The hand of destiny was upon him and he could not turn it aside.

The manner in which he was now being directed by the finger of providence, is best pointed out in Mr. Clarkson's own narrative. As a successful candidate he had to read his Essay in the Senate House of the University, soon after the adjudging of the prizes. "On returning however to London," he remarks, "the subject of it (his Essay) almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals, that the contents of my Essay could not be true. The more,

however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached my house. This was in the summer of 1785."

The purpose thus hinted at, he kept brooding over, until it became a conviction of duty. He determined to translate his Latin Dissertation upon the slave trade, and publish it to the world. This he commenced in November, 1785, availing himself during the interval of all additional facts and illustration, adapted to enrich and strengthen his argument.

Meanwhile he sought a publisher: and here he met with difficulty. This however served a good end, in that he was brought into acquaintance with several members of the Society of Friends, already deeply interested in the Slavery question, who desired the publication of his Essay and who were even then seeking him out. Most fortunate conjunction of circumstances!

Of these individuals one was James Philips a Book-seller, to whom he offered the publication of his work. Another was William Dillwyn. From him he obtained rare and valuable information concerning the Slave Trade in all its details, and the state of Anti-Slavery feeling in the United Kingdom. "How surprised was I," says Mr. Clarkson, "to hear in the course of conversation of the labors of Granville, Sharp, of the writings of Ramsay, and of the controversy in which the latter was engaged, of all which I had hitherto known nothing! How surprised was I to learn that William Dillwyn had, two years before, associated himself with five others for the purpose of enlightening the public mind upon this great subject! How astonished was I to find that a society had been formed in America for the same object; with some of the principal members of which he was intimately acquainted! And how still more astonished at the inference which instantly rushed upon my mind, that he was capable of being made the great medium of connection between them all. These thoughts overpowered me. My mind was overwhelmed with the thought, that I had been providentially directed to his house; that the finger of Providence was beginning to be discerned; that the day-star of African liberty was rising, and that probably I might be permitted to become an humble instrument in promoting it."

In the month of June 1786 his Essay, translated into English, was published in London, under the title of "An Essay on the slavery and commerce of the Human species, particularly the Africans," by the Rev. Thomas Clarkson.

Mr. Clarkson immediately commenced the circulation of his Essay. For this purpose he sought the acquaintance of distinguished personages, who would be able, alike from position and name, to render him assistance. Among these in particular may be mentioned Sir Charles Middleton and his Lady, Dr. Baker, a divine of the Church of England,

and Mr. Bennet Langton, a man of learning, and also the friend and associate of Dr. Johnson, Burke, and most of the wits of that day.

His Essay created much excitement and was read with avidity.

The publication of it, however, did not yield Mr. Clarkson that entire composedness of mind that he anticipated. The general excitement which had been started by it, he himself could not resist, which, added to the deep sensations he had already experienced while investigating it. And thus gradually he was drawn further and further in interest in this cause, almost to identification therewith.

On a visit once to Sir Charles Middleton, Mr. Clarkson, carried away by intensity of humane feeling, uttered the spontaneous declaration—"I am ready to devote myself to the cause." But after he had thus declared himself, he partially repented. A thought of the difficulties he should have to encounter as its champion—the magnitude of the undertaking, the sacrifices it would demand of him, startled and perplexed him.

Says he, "I had been designed for the Church; I had already advanced as far as Deacon's orders in it; my prospects there, on account of my connections, were brilliant—and that by appearing to desert my profession, my family would be dissatisfied, if not unhappy. These thoughts pressed upon me and rendered the conflict difficult. But the sacrifice of my prospects staggered me I own the most. I had ambition—I had a thirst after worldly interests and honors, and I could not extinguish it at once."

This inward agitation, however, decided the course of his life. He devoted himself heartily and unreservedly to the cause of Abolition. I quote his own words:—"At length I yielded—not because I saw any reasonable prospect of success in my new undertaking, but in obedience I believe, to a higher power;" and to this cause he immediately addressed himself with unusual zeal and with decided purpose.

And now before pursuing further the life of this distinguished Philanthropist, let me advert here to the exact position of the Anti-Slavery cause at this time. A brief episode of this kind will enable us better to appreciate the services of our illustrious friend, and to comprehend the nature of his undertaking, and the greatness of his labors.

The evils of Slavery and the horrors of the Slave Trade had not escaped the eye and thought of Europe. Various individuals during preceding centuries, marking its disgusting features, had declared their sentiments thereon by denouncing its iniquities. Indeed the whole subject had been brought home directly to the heart of the whole of Europe; for the whole continent itself had felt its distressful visitation.

We so often hear the institution of Slavery peculiarly associated with our afflicted race; and the curse of Ham, wrested from its proper significance, insidiously pointed at us; that we have come almost to regard ourselves as *the* objects, *specially* consigned to its miseries, its degradation, and its wrongs. Not so, however.

Among the various ills, which in consequence of the entrance of sin into the world, have flooded humanity—the wars, diseases intemper-

ance, impurity, poverty, idolatry and wretchedness, which have degraded the race; none have been more general, none more deadly than slavery. No portion of the globe has been exempt from this curse. Every land on the face of the earth has been overshadowed by it. And where now we see the blooming fruits of art and civilization, and behold the giant tread of progress; there once were erected the shambles of the Slave-dealer, and there were seen the monuments of oppression. The whole western part of Europe was once in a state of abject vassalage. The system of Feudalism, with most degrading characteristics, is hardly yet entirely extirpated from some of its foremost nations. In Russia millions of wretched serfs, even now, in wretchedness and poverty, suffer the infliction of the knout, and are subject to irresponsible power and unrestrained tyranny. England herself, grand and mighty empire as she is, can easily trace back the historic foot-prints to the time, when even she was under the yoke. And the blood which beats high in her children's veins, and mounts their brows, and circles their hearts; is blood, which though flowing down to them through a noble lineage of many ages, that still, in its ancestral sources, was the blood of slaves!

And although christianity had ameliorated the condition of the lowly poor, and stricken the chain from the vassal, yet she had not obliterated the memory of its ills, nor neutralized the natural repugnance to its abominations. And thus when Slavery was again presented to the eye of Europe, distressing another class of victims, the warm heart of Europe was prompt and punctual with sympathy and brotherhood.

This repugnance to slavery and the slave trade manifested itself on several occasions.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century, after the slavery of Africans had been allowed in the Spanish settlements, we find one Cardinal Ximenes, then holding the reigns of government, (previous to the accession of Charles the Fifth,) refusing his permission for the establishment of a regular system of commerce, in the persons of Native Africans. When Charles came to power, he acted contrary to the course of the Cardinal. But by a good Providence he was afterward brought to see his error and to repent of it. In the year 1542, he made a code of laws, prohibiting the slave trade and emancipating all slaves in his dominions.

About the same time, Leo 10th, the Pope of Rome, denounced the whole system, declaring "That not only the Christian religion, but that nature herself cried out against a state of slavery."

In England, in 1562, we find Queen Elizabeth anxious, lest the evils of the slave trade should be entailed upon Africa by any of her subjects, declaring that if any of them were carried off without their consent, "It would be detestible, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon the undertakers."

From this time, we find a continual testimony, ever and anon, borne against the system of slavery, by men of every profession and of every rank:—Milton; Bishop Sanderson; Rev. Morgan Godwyn, an episcopal clergyman, who wrote the *first* work ever undertaken expressly

for this cause; Richard Baxter, the celebrated divine published upon it; Stelle; the Poet Thompson; Rev. Griffith Hughes; another Episcopal clergyman; Shenstone, the Essayist and Poet; Dr. Huyter, Bishop of Norwich; Sterne, Bishop Warburton, author of the *Divine Legation*, who preached a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in 1766; in which he scouts the idea of man holding property in rational creatures. The Dissenters of all names, especially the Friends, distinguished themselves beyond all others, in their early interest in the cause, and their clear, earnest, and explicit disapprobation of it. Latterly, Granville Sharp, the Father of the more modern Abolitionists, appeared upon the stage. And to him belongs the distinguished honor of having brought about the glorious decision in the case of Somerset, which Cowper has rendered immortal in the noble lines:—

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country and their shackles fall."

Thus it appears that some sensibility had been manifested in behalf of bleeding, suffering Africa. It was not, however, either universal in its prevalence, regular in its development, or definite in its aims and objects. It pervaded the wide space of centuries, but lacked clear and evident junctures, and determinate links.

From this brief retrospect we may perceive the moral grandeur of Clarkson's position. He was the first who commenced a systematic, well-planned effort, for the destruction of this colossal iniquity. He stood up, and measured the broad proportions and the lofty height of this grand villainy; and not content with the utterance of his condemnation thereof, he determined in the strength of God, no matter how deep laid might be its foundations, how lofty its altitude, nor how gigantic its form, that yet it should be uprooted and lay prostrate in the dust!

His determinations were not rash, his purposes not passionate, his zeal not lacking knowledge. On the other hand, he had arrived at his conclusions after much and painful deliberation, at the sacrifice of much ease, and by the shutting out from his sight the golden light of high expectations, which always have an unwonted glow in youthful eyes. And his knowledge of this subject, though not as broad and comprehensive as it afterwards became, was yet sufficient to enable him to see the bloody abominations of the Slave Trade, and to settle within him the conviction that he was appointed an apostle "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." It was not the promptings of romantic feeling, nor the influence of inordinate ambition, but rather the suggestions of the Divine Spirit, and the pointings and directions of the clear, distinct providences of God.

In the progress of his mission, Mr. Clarkson's acquaintance became more and more enlarged. Day after day he formed friendships with

humane and benevolent individuals: thus creating a neucleus, around which might be gathered the moral force and sentiment of the kingdom. Statesmen and Lawyers, Bishops and Doctors of Divinity, Churchmen and Dissenters, Lords and Knights; yielded to the clearness of his reasoning, the justness of his representations, and the humanity of his purposes. A regular organization was decided upon, at once, to represent the philanthropy of England, and to direct the already growing anti-slavery sentiment of the country. On the 22d of May, 1787, a committee was formed, consisting of twelve members. Granville Sharpe was appointed Chairman, which office he held during the whole anti-slavery struggle. Of this committee Mr. Clarkson was undoubtedly the grand moving spirit. While it is indeed true, that the whole committee signalized themselves by unwonted and long-continued exertions, yet it is evident, and acknowledged, that Clarkson was the Prometheus of the cause; diffusing the burning warmth and vivid flame of his own intense zeal to the committee, from them to the country at large, and they back again to the lawgivers of the kingdom.

It was just about this time that he became acquained with the afterwards celebrated Wilberforce, just then, almost a youth, "rising above the horizon," and about starting into public life. Most happy meeting! Most opportune acquaintance! History has few pictures, romance few ideal scenes, more grateful or more glowing, than the meeting of these two youthful men, neither of them having attained the mid-day of their strength, conferring with each other for the destruction of a well-established system, existing under the sanction of the national legislature, and uncondemned by any class of England's community. Mr. Wilberforce joined Mr. Clarkson in his designs, and from that time they were leagued together in this holy cause.

In May, 1788, the question of the abolition of the slave-trade was first introduced into the British Parliament. It was not presented by Mr. Wilberforce himself, owing to indisposition. The great William Pitt has the honor of first bringing this important subject before the Commons of England. Immediately a most interesting discussion ensued upon it, bringing out the most masterly minds, and affording an opportunity for the gathering around the standard of freedom, the most distinguished talent, the loftiest piety, and the most commanding eloquence, of that or any other age of the world—Pitt, Fox, and Burke, the three greatest geniuses of the age, engaged in this debate, condemning the slave trade; and thus, in the very infancy of the cause, honoring themselves and human nature, by proving true to its best and noblest dictates.

Thus was the ice first broken. Thus were the dark clouds of a fearful night first pierced by the early rays of the opening morn of freedom.

And now commenced the first great agitation of the elements. The opponents of liberty had hitherto rested in security, behind the entrenchments of law and statute, of trade and custom, and the sanctions of wealth and luxury. This security had never, as yet, been disturbed

by any of the demonstrations of anti-slavery sentiment. The sermons of Bishops, the vigorous essays of Laymen, the harrowing recitals of returned West India Clergymen, the strains of Poetry, the bold, restless, and uncompromising zeal of the Dissenters, not even the vigorous and successful assaults upon the system by Granville Sharp, had, as yet, been able to disturb their equanimity. During the preceding two years, in the midst of the absorbing interest and the deep sensation created by Mr. Clarkson's Essay and his labors, they seemed unmoved, and acted as though secure. But the earnestness and the assiduity of the anti-slavery men, at this time, aroused them. The possibility of not being allowed to retain, undisputed and undisturbed, all the advantages they at present enjoyed, seemed at length presented to their minds. Now appeared to them the time to assume some position; and they stood up in conscious strength and importance, folding about them the panoply of power, and gathering around them the myrmidons of trade, wealth, and luxury—determined to resist any attempts to put an end to this detestible traffic.

The contest had commenced, and it was carried on with vigor. Two great antagonistic principles were placed in battle array, each with fixed, unyielding, determinate purpose. On one side was the great landed interest of England, the aristocracy, the West India planting power, and the aggregate of the mercantile influence of the country. Indeed, there is hardly any interest in a great commercial empire like England, that did not feel the influence of this system, and was not subjected by it to a measurable degree of control. It entered into every ramification of society. It permeated every institution of the land. It wound itself round every establishment. It stretched out its long arms of power and authority to individuals of every rank and every sphere of life. I employ Mr. Clarkson's own description, as the most accurate and distinct: "The slave trade," says he, "was not an interest of a few individuals, nor of one body, but of many bodies of men. It was interwoven into the system of the commerce and of the revenue of nations. Hence the merchant, the planter, the mortgagee, the manufacturer, the politician, the legislator, the cabinet minister, lifted up their voices against the annihilation." "Both the Lords and Commons of England were interested in West India plantations, and the ESTABLISHED CHURCH was a sharer in their unholy gains."* It exerted a controlling influence upon individuals, from the king on his throne down to the peasant in his hut and the sailor on the shrouds; and all classes, from the king down to the sailor and the peasant, were enlisted in its behalf, and stood up its defenders.

Such was the stern and formidable array which presented itself in 1788, in maintenance and defence of the slave trade.

On the other side were associated a few individuals, mostly unknown to fame, without power or patronage, without the advantage of noble

* Progress and Results of Emancipation in the English West Indies, by JOHN JAY, Esq.

connections or social advantages; led on too by a young student of twenty-five. It is true, there immediately rallied to their standard, men of distinguished name and most consummate ability; Bishops, Statesmen, Divines, Poets, and Orators. But the connection between them and these was but slender. They stood mostly in the relation of patrons. They were willing to give their approval of the cause whenever absolutely needed, and to lend their advocacy: but the labor and effort, the strife and the shock of fiery assault, were left to a few simple men—an humble committee—

> "Of unappendaged and unvarnished men,
> Of plain, unceremonious, human beings:"

—men, though, well and largely endowed with intellect; with brave hearts; of a lofty Christian faith; with sympathies deep and boundless as the sea; with judgment remarkably clear; with a foresight almost prophetic. What, however, they lacked in name, and fame, and power, and patronage, was made up in the possession of one simple element—TRUTH: an element more energetic than the elemental fires of earth; more potent than the gravitating force of the universe; vital, irrepressible, immortal, in its nature; and filled too with the might of the right arm of God!

With this resistless and effective instrument they entered upon the contest for freedom. The chief scenes of this moral conflict were Parliament, and the arena of public sentiment and thought. In the former, Mr. Wilberforce was the leader of the Anti-slavery cause. In the latter, Mr. Clarkson was the most active and conspicuous. The burden of obligation in this matter rested upon his shoulders; and he proved himself equal to it. The labor required was to obtain evidence, and diffuse it throughout the land; to organize Anti-Slavery Societies; and to obtain petitions from every quarter. In all this he labored most assiduously. An exhibition of such untiring devotion, of such unwearied patience and such herculean labor, the cause of philanthropy and religion has seldom witnessed. He worked like an Apostle. He travelled in every direction. No quarter of the kingdom where information could be obtained, was passed by. No place where influence could be exerted, was neglected. Every individual whose witness was important, was sought out. Every slave-hold, where entrance could be obtained, was examined. Throughout each year, three months, at least, were spent traversing the kingdom, seeking that great body of evidence, —itself a monument of his ability and industry,—demanded by the Privy Council; which proved of so much service, in demonstrating the enormity of the Slave Trade, in augmenting the number of petitions, and in the end of demolishing the system itself. On one occasion, ere he relinquished the clerical character, he preached a sermon in Manchester, selecting for his text Exodus xxxiii. 9th:—"Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt:" from which he proved that slavery was at variance with Scripture. So eminent were the labors of Mr. Clarkson, and so evident the fruits of

his zeal, that the Anti-Slavery Committee in their first report, published 15th of January, 1788, made a spontaneous acknowledgment of their indebtedness to his zeal and effort:—"To the abilities and unremitting industry of the Rev. Thomas Clarkson, in these researches, the Society are much indebted."

We have already referred to the introduction of this question into the British Parliament. On the 12th of May, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce brought forward his celebrated motion in relation to the Slave Trade, accompanied by a speech, which, judging by encomiums passed upon it by the great orators of the day, by the press, and by the Anti-Slavery Committee, must have been of unsurpassed ability. The friends of freedom were met this time, with the determined opposition of the West India party and the slave-trading interest, now determined to front the Abolition cause, with a fixed and obstinate resistance. Objections drawn from political economy, objections suggested by trade, objections started by avarice, objections originated in the pride of race, and drawn from the imputed inferiority of the Negro; were brought forward to demonstrate the necessity and the rightfulness of this traffic, and to prevent its abolition. They questioned and denied the evidence produced by the Abolitionists; they maintained absolutely the humanity and kindness of the Slave Trade; they extenuated the imputed horrors of the mid-passage; they contended for the peculiar adaptedness of slavery to the welfare of the Negro race; they strove to show how beneficial the whole system would be to Africa, in developing her resources and in civilizing her sons. No possible argument that sophistry could suggest, from political economy, from science, from benevolence itself, was left untried. The sanctions of religion, even, were attempted to be appropriated: they—

> "Tortured the pages of the hallowed Bible
> To sanction crime and robbery and blood!"—WHITTIER.

The opposition to the Abolitionists was carried to the extreme of personal rancor and malignity. They were marked men every where. The most opprobrious epithets were heaped upon them. No circumspection and disinterestedness, no prudence and candor, no integrity and unselfishess on their part, were capable of shielding them from the venomed shafts of calumny and detraction. For notwithstanding the purity of their lives, and the obvious humanity of their purposes, their characters were calumniated and their motives impugned.

The opposition manifested against Christian Reformers is a necessary and inevitable event. In a world like this, it is an utter impossibility to advocate the Right; to vindicate Truth; to uphold Principle; to walk steadfastly in the pathway of Duty, and to disseminate those glorious ideas, in which consist the exellence and dignity of our being, without exciting opposition, and bringing down upon us the repugnance and the wrath of wicked and selfish men. Who ever heard of wicked men being enamored of Truth, or of the corrupt and evil minded being smitten and subdued, by the benign features, and the lovely proportions

of Virtue and Goodness? To the pure only is purity desirable, and the upright alone are they who affect truth and reverence principle. Hence the pathway of the Christian Reformer, which should be bestrewn with flowers and garlands, inasmuch as he is a celestial visitant from heaven, the vicegerent of God on earth; is covered with briars and intercepted with thorns. And this result is not conditioned on aught in themselves. It is not a contingent of place or person or position. It is a natural and legitimate event, with its proper antecedents. It is inevitable. We oftimes hear it said that this apostle of truth is too harsh and the other, too vindictive. This one is infidel, and that one speculative. This one too hasty, and the other injudicious; and therefore in consequence of one or the other of these causes, the ebullition of overstrained passion against them, and of vindictive feeling. The rationale of the whole matter lies far back of any of these mere speculations, and is far more radical. If opinions such as these accounted for the Reformer's trial; why is it that they have ever beset him, from the time of the Holy Prophets, the noble vindicators of truth in ancient times, down to the immaculate Jesus, sent from heaven with the signet of divinity on his brow, and speaking as never man before or since hath spoken? And why hath it ever since *then* been thus, from the time of Jesus to the present? Have all Reformers been rash, and hasty, injudicious and fanatical? These too—Patriarchs and Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors, and the blessed Lord of Life whose name is Love? One Reformer is bold and earnest, another is mild and gentle. One is determined and venturesome; another is soft, quiet and persuasive. This one is severe and denunciatory; that one lofty, serene and majestic; and the third meek and lovely:—men of different dispositions, and varied qualities of mind and temper; yet all, equally and alike, exposed to dangers and obnoxious to evil tempers and malignant assaults. The saintly, almost angelic Elijah, the evangelical Isaiah, the fathful Daniel, the heroic Paul, the seraphic John, the bold and dauntless Luther, the quiet Melancthon, the yielding Cranmer, the august and saintly Wilberforce!

Oh no! The Reformer's trials originate in the bitter and malignant opposition of the monstrous abominations which he attacks. These abominations foster and augment the rancor, of the human heart; and when the opponent of error—the fearless champion of truth, passes by, all this enmity, heretofore latent and inactive, breaks forth from its restraints, and is poured from full vials upon his devoted head. Not to the Reformer, therefore, but to the cherished vices of mankind, are we to attribute the convulsions and the agitations of the moral world. And the advocates of error are they, who turn the world upside down; and not the friends of right, who are indeed the law-abiding and the true friends of peace and order.

To meet all these hindrances, and to face all this fierce opposition, the Anti-Slavery men were forced to activity, and this chiefly on the ground of evidence. It had been the art of the Slave-traders to keep unseen the horrors of their nefarious traffic; and thus the miseries endured by

the poor victims of it, were but little known. To demonstrate the inherent wickedness and abominations of the system, and to reveal somewhat the cruelties and agonies—

——"Worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived."—Milton.

that were concentered in it; the Abolitionists were obliged to send to every commercial port in the kingdom, to gather abundant and significant facts. This labor devolved upon Mr. Clarkson. And faithfully and perfectly did he perform it. But none can tell the severe and unrelaxing effort this duty required. For although there were hundreds of men in England, who had been engaged in the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa, yet such was their dependancy, and so strong was the hold of their employers upon them, that none could be induced to unfold its dark and murderous revelations. Mr. Clarkson again and again visited Bristol, Liverpool, Monmouth, Bridgewater, Plymouth, and several other ports in quest of the needed facts At Liverpool, as well as at other places that he visited, his life was endangered. Several ruffians attempted to cast him from the pier-head into the sea; and it was only through his quickness and activity, that he was enabled to rush between them, and save himself from a watery grave. But none of these things moved him. In the midst of all dangers he was undaunted and composed. In spite of all opposition, he carried out his purposes, obtained the evidence he sought and secured the concert of the friends of freedom there, in opposition to the Slave Trade. With the facts and testimony thus obtained, Mr. Clarkson would return, after each of his yearly missions, to the Anti-Slavery Committee, and to the leaders in Parliament. This evidence was found an invaluable auxiliary in the prosecution of the cause. The friends of freedom in Parliament, thus thoroughly furnished, and led on by their august chief, Mr. Wilberforce, were enabled to advocate successfully the rights of injured human nature, and withstand the oppositon.

But the contest with slave-trading interest was a long and arduous one. It was the work of years, requiring the unwearied, almost gigantic efforts of even extraordinary men to produce tangible and evident results. In the year 1790, Mr. Wilberforce, on two different occasions, renewed his motion for the abolition of the slave trade, accompanied each time by speeches, which startled every one by their graphic pictures and transcendant ability, and elicited most extravagant encomiums. The friends of freedom, however, were unable to drive back the surges and the waves of the dark stream of death, which had its rise in this nefarious traffic, and which was sweeping thousands from the scenes of life into woe and misery, the shades and ruin.

Yet they were not discouraged. In '92, under the leadership of the illustrious Wilberforce, they again presented the cause of Africa to Parliament. Every possible obstruction, every conceivable instrument of hindrance was used to prevent the consummation of their desires. Yet some progress had been made. Previous to this session an abridge-

ment of all the evidence which had been obtained by Mr. Clarkson, had been published by the Anti-Slavery Committee. Thus the clear cogent reasoning, and especially the abundant facts he had gathered, and the evidence he had furnished the Privy Council was spread before the public and was scattered throughout the country. "Mr. Clarkson, like a messenger of light, traversed the nation. Anti-Slavery meetings were held in all quarters. The country was aroused. A perfect stream of petitions was poured in upon Parliament. And to give effect to avowed principles and determinations, more than 300,000 Englishmen, anticipating by twenty-five years, the subsequent agitation for the Abolition of Slavery, refused the use of slave grown sugar, in testimony of their abhorrence of this barbarous traffic. Thus had been awakened a feeling, irrepressible by the power of Trade, the voice of Authority, or the suggestions of selfish Avarice. The opposition could not entirely withstand this. They were forced to yield somewhat. Mr. Wilberforce's motion for *immediate* abolition did not succeed; but one offered by Mr. Dundas for *gradual* abolition, was carried by a majority of 88.

Not the least discouraged—yea, rather still confident, the friends of Abolition still continued their efforts for the destruction of the slave trade. Mr. Clarkson was abundant in labors, unwearied in exertion, collecting evidence, addressing meetings, travelling long journeys. In the midst of a l, the fire of his youthful determinations kept him ever under an intense excitement. This, with his constant labors, anxieties, and difficulties, proved hurtful to his health. Nature could not stand all this wear; and in 1793 his powers gave way, and he was forced to retire from the field.

During all this period Mr. Wilberforce was putting forth those extraordinary efforts in behelf of our race, and especially against the slave trade, which brought him distinguished honor in his own day, and have rendered his name immortal. He stood in the front of the cause in Parliament. *There*, not merely by the choice of his compeers, but also by his unmingled devotion, his earnest self-consecration, his commanding talent, and above all, by his evident godliness, he was the acknowledged leader. All his influence in the cabinet, with the ministers of state, among the religious public, where he was pre-eminent in his day, was exerted in behalf of this cause. Every year he brought it before Parliament. He wrote books and pamphlets; he addressed public meetings; he spent his money; he offered his prayers, in furtherance of its sacred objects. To such an extent did he carry his labors, that he endangered his health, and very considerably broke down his constitution.

A question has arisen as to the relative claims of these two great men, to fame and honor, for their exertions in behalf of the slave and Africa. No decision has been obtained on this subject, and none, we think, can ever be arrived at. Their names are inseparable and undivided in this good, great object; and linked together in an united fame, shall they go down to posterity. Wherever the abolition cause is

spoken of in all coming times, and the minds of men turn to its most distinguished champions and promoters, WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON will be the two names most readily suggested. Not the former first, because of more deserved honor, but for the sake of euphony in the utterance. Not the latter secondary, because of subordinate desert and service, but for ease and gracefulness in the record of them.

If Clarkson needed the splendid genius and the majestic eloquence of Wilberforce in Parliament, for the accomplishment of his ends, Wilberforce was equally helpless, without the hands and labors of Clarkson. If one was necessary at the forum, with his transcendant ability and almost divine eloquence; the other was equally demanded with his statistical ability, and his tireless, steady, controlling influence—the representative of the cause before the world. If the one was needed in order to rectify wrong and bloody sanctions of law and legislation; the other was needed at the head of the Anti-Slavery Committee, its life and energy, guiding and controlling the religion and philanthropy of the land;—needed at London and Bristol, and Liverpool and Plymouth—questioning slave-trading seamen, visiting dark and ghostlike mid-decks, bringing home to the Committee those electrical facts, that awoke a nation from guilt and infamy, to honor brotherhood and justice! For it is the most certain of all things, that without the presentation of clear, distinct, irrefragible, undeniable evidence, the West India interest, in Parliament, would have stood the shock of anti-slavery opposition for a century.

It is one of the most remarkable traits of English character, that, for the settling of any question of import, the main lever and engine to be employed, is statistical information. Without it no man can pretend to statesmanship, or look forward to honor. Without this, rhetoric is divested of its graces, learning of its might, genius of its splendor, and declamation of its pomp. In this too, the English present a remarkable difference to most other countries. What is done in Germany by profound and massive learning, in France by acute and subtle reasoning, and in our own country, by popular address and splendid eloquence, is effected in England by FACTS. For favor and success in any cause, it is absolutely necessary that this national propensity should be satisfied to the utmost. And the cause, however inauspicious in its first prospects, may reasonably expect a successful issue, as a reward to the patient industry and the untiring zeal of the inventor, the compiler, and the analyzer of statistical information. But without these, the loftiest eloquence is considered only declamation, and the sagest wisdom discoursed, as but garrulity.

It was owing very considerably, nay almost entirely, to the full array of these powerful controllers of public opinion, and to the re-acting influence produced thereby on the legislative body, that the Abolitionists were enabled to obtain success. The fire and the flame of an eloquence unequalled in the annals of legislation, Greek, Roman, or British—an eloquence almost unearthly, from the lips of such men as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, Whitbread Romilly, and others, could not easily

drive back the disciplined, well-arranged squadrons of avarice and blood. But when the conviction of the truthfulness of the statements made by the Anti-Slavery party, fastened the public mind; when the nation saw that it was all solemn fact, that such atrocities were committed under the sun; that it was truth that such abominations were enacted under the British flag, and beneath the decks of British vessels; that it was reality that such cruel injuries were heaped upon human beings, their own fellow creatures, the image of God!—then the pride and shame of Britons contended in ten thousand breasts, and the whole nation rose up as one man; and thousands swept the blood-stained products of Slavery from their tables and their stores; and came down to Parliament—a whole nation, and thundered at its doors, and burdened its tables, not with *petitions* merely, but with their DEMANDS, that the slave traders should not dare tarnish the fair fame of England, by the sanction and the sufferance of British law and British authority!

We may thus see how much the cause was indebted to Mr. Clarkson, for his unexampled and gigantic labors. His department in the Anti-Slavery contest was one of heavy plodding labor. The chief correspondence was carried on by him, augmented as it was for years by interchange of letters with over four hundred persons. In prosecuting his purposes he travelled at various times over thirty-five thousand miles, being often on his journey during the night, at all seasons of the year, exposed to all inclemencies. He was constantly publishing valuable works on this subject. In the year 1780, a mission to France was entrusted to him, designed to further the cause of Abolition. That country was then in a state of anarchy, and Clarkson was much emperiled. His reception, however, was highly flattering. He was introduced to General Lafayette, the distinguished M. Necker, the Bishop of Chartres, Mirabeau, Condorcet, the Abbe Gregoire, and several other distinguished individuals, who were all interested in his objects, and paid him distinguished consideration. He remained in France six months, but his mission did not result in anything more than obtaining the acquaintance and the interest of philanthropists there, in the cause he had so deeply at heart.

All these labors and responsibilities tended to break down his constitution; and although at intervals of partial recovery, he would resume his onerous duties, yet he was ever afterward unable to put forth those peculiarly masculine exertions that characterized his early advocacy and furtherance of the cause.

And therefore it is, that while not detracting the least from the fame and honor of Wilberforce, we must yield equal honor to the memory of his friend. And this accords with the spirit of these true yoke-fellows in their own day and labor. Between them no rivalry existed, save that of high philanthropy and enlarged human good. And so let it be in our grateful remembrance of them. Their resplendent immortality is one and inseparable. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided. They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions."

We now approach a period when success began to await the tread of the Abolition leaders. The history of their labors, from 1788 down to the commencement of the present century, had been mostly a history of severe and almost fruitless labor. From year to year Wilberforce had presented his motion for the abolition of the slave trade; but to no definite effect. But now, various causes conspired to produce a favorable change—pointing to success.

The world, at the commencement of this century, had been awakened to new considerations and more enlarged ideas. Both continents, Europe and America, had been shaken, by the agitation of questions pertaining to the highest interests of human liberty. The American Revolution had just then brought before Europe, abstract questions of human rights, ideal sentiments of human freedom, which ever before had been the contemplation only of secluded thinkers, but now were discussed by the meanest citizen and the lowest serf. The spark of freedom flew across the Atlantic, and agitated the atmosphere of Europe. England, and France—the two foremost among the nations were especially affected by it. In the former the agitation was more moderate and rational; but in the latter it was intense, violent, and protracted; attended by the volcanic irruptions of anarchy, riot, and confusion.

At the same time, the Catholic Emancipation question was before the people and Parliament of England. And now for years, the question of the abolition of the slave trade, and the rights of the negro, had been agitated in the United Kingdom; and the pregnant truths, the glowing facts, and the transcendant eloquence of the Abolition leaders, had thoroughly impregnated the British mind, and aroused the British conscience.

It was just at this period they were about receiving important and available aid in their exertions. The Irish Parliament had been abrogated, and a union formed between that and the Parliament of England; and most fortunately did it happen, that the Irish members now returned to the British Parliament, of every name and party, were the true and unswerving friends of the slave. I cannot but pause here, and with admiration contemplate the noble position taken by Ireland upon this question.

The spirit of that beautiful isle hath ever been on the side of human freedom. When herself in possession of it, her children have prized it beyond all price, and evinced their sincerity in the same by a zealous anxiety for the liberties of others. When deprived of it, this has been her highest aspiration. No ideas of commercial prosperity, no promptings of avarice, have been able to repress this spirit. Neither rank nor caste make any exceptions to this statement. Her wealthy and more refined children have been willing to sacrifice property, to devote talent, to lay down life, for their beloved Erin; and the tenants of her humblest cots, for the realization of this, their proudest hope,—the freedom of Ireland,—have willingly contributed their scanty gains. It has been the plaintive breathing of the poet, and the loftiest aspiration

of the orator. The songs of her daughters are laden with the fragrance of it, and the sober utterance of her matrons have tended to give it the strength of principle. The martyr on the scaffold pours forth his last mournful exclamation for his country's welfare; and the exile in far distant regions as he treads the beach of his adopted home, sends across the ocean the careering sounds of his earnest ejaculation—"*Erin go bragh!*"

Unchangeable amid all the domestic evils, the mercantile changes, or the political vicissitudes of their native land;—their motives unquestioned and their purposes decided—the glorious sons of Ireland—her Burkes, her Grattans, her Currans, her Emmetts, her Moores, and her O'Connells, have always, nobly, proudly, witheld their countenance and support from the piracy and the murder of Slavery; and have at all times cast the weight of their influence, their voting power, and eloquence in the scale of humanity, and for the freedom of the African race.

But the prime cause—the grand agency, which tended to produce the benign results, now approaching, was the revived spirit of Religion, acting upon the heart of England. To this, more than to any other influence, are the children of Africa indebted for the glorious gifts and offerings of Freedom. England at this period, was in one of those peculiar religious states, which she has at various times experienced, when the mind of her people and of her venerable church, was aroused to a sense of unworthiness, – to sorrow for ungratefulness, lukewarmness, and sin,—to a consciousness of the weight of responsibility and prerogative, resting upon them, slighted and uncared for; and when both Church and people started up with the determination, to be equal to their responsibilities, to fulfil their obligations, and to make the poor at home, and the heathen abroad, participants with themselves, of the lofty prerogatives of British freemen and the mild duties of British Christians! And thence commenced those magnificent schemes of love and mercy, which have carried peace, consolation, and blessedness to benighted men, in almost every quarter of the globe.*

"* As there are times, when a steadfast faith has been the special need and glory of the church, so there have been times when the Spirit has seemed to shed abroad within it a special warmth of love. * * * In the history, for example, of the Reformed Church of England, we may point to three such periods. The first immediately followed the Reformation; the second embraced the primacy of Tillotson, Tenison, and Wake; the third covered *the close of the last century, and extended far into the present:*——when the explosion of French infidelity made Christians look one another in the face, and feel that all who loved one Redeemer had now a common cause. Then, the Bible went forth on the wings of every wind; THEN, MEN, REMEMBERED AND RESCUED THE SLAVE; then, arose almost all those great modern associations, whose names are heard and blessed on a hundred shores."—From THE MISSIONARY HEART:—The Annual Sermon before the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by the Rev. GEORGE BURGESS, Rector of Christ Church, Hartford.

Thus renewed and strengthened, the Abolitionists kept pressing on to the achievement of a glorious conquest. At every presentation of the question to Parliament, they were favored with evidences of progress, feeble indeed, but not the less clear and indisputable, that a brighter day was appearing. That day was the 10th of June, 1806, when Mr. Fox, then a Minister at court, was induced to bring the subject before the House. This he did by a motion for the abolition of the Slave Trade, introduced by a speech characterised by his usual ability; the result of which was the attainment of the object by a majority of 114 to 15. An address to his Majesty was then passed. The resolutions of the house, together with the address, were both sent to the Lords. Here a very interesting debate sprung up, during which the old stale defences of the system were reiterated. A most noble advocacy of the measure contemplated was made by Lord Grenville, aided in the same, by that beauteous character the amiable Bishop Porteus, and the distinguished Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. It carried this branch of the national legislature by a vote of 100 to 36. This was the last act of the Grenville and Fox administration. They were just then about being ejected from office; and fears were entertained that this measure would not receive the royal sanction:—but these fears proved groundless. The seals of office were resigned, and the royal sanction was given on the same day. This scene is most graphically related by Mr. Clarkson:—"The commission was opened by Lord Chancellor Erskine, who was accompanied by Lords Holland and Aucland; and as the clock struck twelve, just when the sun was in its meridian splendor, to witness this august act of the establishment of Magna Charta for Africa, in Britain, and to sanction it by its glorious beams; it was completed."

Thus after years of most strenuous activity and unexampled labors, Clarkson and his compeers effected a grand moral achievement. They succeeded in obtaining from the people of England, their Parliament and their King, a declaratory act, that man was not an article to be hunted as horses, buffaloes or game, and then as live stock, closely huddled together, be brought in pestiferous mid-ships across the Atlantic; and that Englishmen should not engage in such inhuman practices, at the peril of their lives. By legal enactments they forbid this, and declared it—Piracy. This was a consummation at once clear, distinct and positive. A victory was achieved of the most noble character, over one of the most formidable combinations of evil, which had ever opposed the influence of the cardinal virtues—a victory compared with which the exploits of Heroes and Conquerors and mighty Warriors fade into insignificance; and before which, even the triumphs of mind, resplendant and untarnished as they are, have to yield, as to higher moral and religious glory. It was MORAL CONQUEST, gained over the combined enmities of Trade, Luxury, Pride and Tyranny—made peculiarly illustrious by being untarnished in aught by the intrusion of selfish interest, or of personal ambition—uneffaced by the ravages of strife, or the stains of blood.

And great was the honor and the applause due those noble characters, by whose exertions this event was brought about. That honor and that applause they received in their own days, and these shall follow their memory down to the latest period of "recorded time." And when we consider the actual immediate results proceeding from their labors, and the prospective issues flowing therefrom, we shall see that they were, truly and indeed, full worthy of the high encomiums, which their contempories, and Christendom, and history has awarded them. When looking back to the scenes and contests of the Agitation for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, I feel thankful to God, not only for the benefits resulting to our race, but likewise to the human species at large. Immense advantages have accrued to the world, in consequence of these noble endeavors. To some three or four of these let me briefly direct attention :

1. This great moral effort has helped to create and increase the free sentiment of the world—to swell the tide of liberty—and to generate that kindly atmosphere of the universe, in which all free sentiments, all noble generous principles may flourish, but in which error and all slavish opinions shall suffer, languish, and die.

2. It has furnished the world with the brilliant spectacle, of the great, the titled, the grand, the noble, and the wise, moved by the purest sentiments and sympathies, and gathered in affectionate brotherly regards around the lowly and the wretched. Bishops forgot their dignity, Statesmen their pride, Poets their fame, Courtiers their ambition, and Noble Women their fashion and their ease; and with the consciousness of power, gathered around the brutalized Negro, answering his piteous entreaties with the exclamation—"Thou ART a man and a brother!" The friends of Abolition had the most noble compeers. Such a galaxy of Genius, Rank and Talent, never surrounded a cause, as was associated with this. And therefore to the latest times, the light and influence of this example shall go spreading down, to Scholars and Statesmen, to Bishops and Ministers, to Rulers and Nations, with its high and lofty significance and its heavenly teachings.

3. This moral effort establishes the principle, to use the words of Mr Clarkson, "That commerce itself shall have its moral boundaries." This result is of the last importance. Too long has religion been abstracted from the lives and business pursuits of men. Too long has christianity been isolated, yea almost localized to the Minster, the Cathedral, the Cloister or the Church! That day is past, and the usages therewith connected, are numbered with the things that were. Christianity henceforth personates all the relations of life, and sits in judgment upon all its moral concernments. From its severe scrutiny no man can conceal himself, from its strict arbitrament no man be shielded. And henceforth Trade, Barter, Commerce, Enterprise, and all the other concerns of life, shall yield to its dictates, and submit to its injunctions.

4. The most notable of all the results of the Abolition of the Slave Trade is that which lies far beyond it, and of which it was but the prelude. I allude to the high hope which it furnishes the children of

Africa all over the globe,—that the days of Slavery shall soon be numbered. Compared with this, the passing of the act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, itself, was comparatively nothing. The labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson in this contest, it seems to me, were valuable and glorious, not so much for the immediate results which proceeded therefrom, but chiefly, for the formation of that high moral feeling—that christian education, of the piety of England,—that bringing out those enlarged and noble sentiments of freedom,—that made the heart of Britain so large and expansive, that it took in the world, in its noble regards,—would not tolerate the presence of Slavery in any of her domains,—elected as her duty and her obligation,—the destruction of Slavery in the BRITISH DOMINIONS and THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

We are now prepared to continue our notice of Clarkson's life. He was at this time near his fiftieth year, broken down in constitution, and under constant debility. This, however, did not relax his energy, nor abate his mental desire. Unable to engage in those peculiar labors, which would require much physical energy, and yet constitutionally disposed to activity, he began to turn his attention to Literature, and thus to meet the requirements of his nature in the field of letters and the labors of the mind.

His first work was the "History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," in two volumes. In this work he gives a full and minute history of the rise of Anti-Slavery feeling in Europe, from the earliest times; records the names of the most distinguished individuals connected with the same; relates the commencement of this effort in England, its progress and its details; entering minutely into the particulars of its advancement at every stage; bringing before us, ever and anon, its chief advocates and its prominent opponents, continuing the story of it down to 1807, the year when victory crowned their endeavours.

This is a great work, considered in any, and in every view. He has embodied in history, facts and incidents of the most valuable nature which but for him, would have been unrecorded; and for the want of which, in all coming times, ingenuous and virtuous youth, would have lacked the splendid examples of his own, and Wilberforce's early self-consecration to Truth and Righteousness; Genius, Learning, and Talent would have been deprived of the sight of their most eminent examples, devoted to the cause of humanity; and Religion would have missed the sight of its most distinguished ornaments, employing the Gospel, as a legitimate means for the disenthralment of Africa and the Slave. The intrinsic value of this work is considerable. It is written in a clear perspicuous style. It is a true history. The wisdom, the clear reasoning, the accurate statement, with which it abounds, are admirable. And at times it is graced with passages of the utmost pathos, and rises to the heights of the eloquent and the sublime.

Mr. Clarkson also published a "Portraiture of Quakerism," in 3 vols., a Life of William Penn in 2 vols, and several other works.

All his works give evidence that his was no common mind. He

cannot indeed be classed with those distinguished men, the great suns of Literature—the Plato's, the Newton's and the Bacon's, who appear only once in an age, and shine for all coming times: yet he was well gifted in mental resources and intellectual ability. The more marked features of his mind, if I mistake not, were clearness of judgment, sound common sense, accurate discrimination, and that marked characteristic of Englishmen—practicality. He was undoubtedly, a man of extensive information, and large acquaintance. He had one faculty which Coleridge regards as indicative of a great mind—"The capability of extending its attention to the greatest multiplicity of affairs." The logical faculty is not strongly developed in his writings. Like most Reformers he perceives truth as by intuition; and without the labor of severe ratiocination, arrives at his conclusions, with accuracy and correctness. With all this, he was an excellent scholar, which shed a graceful influence over the fruits of his mind, and adorned his style. The latter was clear and chaste, full of sweet simplicity, and abounding at times in beautiful paragraphs.

Mr. Clarkson, however, did not allow his attention to be absorbed entirely in literary pursuits. He had devoted himself to the cause of the African race; and to that cause he was determined to be true and faithful through life. He had indeed succeeded in one great object of his life. The British government had been led to declare the slave trade Piracy; and so far as it was concerned, to quit herself of all legal responsibility in the same. Yet there was still need of labor and effort. The slave trade was still carried on: connived at by some nations, sanctioned by others. And slavery, its fruitful resources, was still in existence; and human beings were sold, bartered, and scourged, and murdered, beneath the British flag and under the sanction of British law. Mr. Clarkson could not remain indifferent to all this crime and barbarity. Infirm as he was, growing aged too, yet he felt himself stirred to manly effort and humane activity. Clarkson was not like too many of our American divines, who can declaim with sensibility and pathos over *that* horrid *African* slave trade; and at the next breath, defend the slave trade of our *own* country; and prove the System of Slavery, a Patriarchal Institution, and established by God! Not so *he*. He saw, as any pure mind can see, that the slave trade and slavery, both come under the same category, and merit the same condemnation, as equally and alike, systems of rapine, lust, robbery, and murder, in their incipiency and in all their fruits and details. Against British West India Slavery he now directed his energies; and endeavored to arouse the repugnance of his countrymen. For this purpose he drew up and published an able treatise, entitled "Thoughts on the necessity of Abolishing Slavery." This work was followed by several others upon the same subject, which, with the combined exertions of several other Abolitionists, the first among the great men of England, succeeded in arousing that strong feeling which shook and agitated the whole kingdom, and would not cease until the shackle was stricken from the fettered limb of the slave, and the door was opened to the captive.

While putting forth these exertions, Mr. Clarkson still stirred himself with reference to the slave trade. His chief anxiety in this respect seems to have been, to obtain the combined opposition of the great nations of Europe against it, forbidding their subjects participating in it, and declaring it piracy. And for this purpose he failed not to avail himself of every opportunity. In 1815, the Emperor of Russia, the celebrated Alexander, some other of the crowned heads of Europe, and several highly distinguished individuals, met in Paris. Mr. Clarkson drew up an address to the sovereigns, and requested an interview, which was readily granted. Soon after a meeting took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. When the Emperor, recognizing Mr. Clarkson, led him into his room, and placed a chair for him to sit upon. The Emperor expressed approval of his address, and undertook to deliver copies of it to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

Thus did this distinguished man "stand before kings," honored and respected in the simplicity and beauty of a high and holy character. Nor was it only abroad that his virtues were appreciated and his name honored. At home too, on the very spot which had witnessed his labors, were those labors esteemed, and his character reverenced. Flattering acknowledgments of his worth and estimation, were received from all quarters of the world. The Poet Wordsworth addressed him a highly eulogistic sonnet. A few years since he was presented with the freedom of the city of London. And the inhabitants of the town of Wisbeach—his birth place—requested him to sit for his portrait, to be placed in their town house. The benignant providences of the God he served, waited likewise upon the honors showered upon him by his fellow-men. Most happy was he in the observations of his later life. The agitations in which he had participated against British West India Slavery, proved successful in the issue. God spared his aged servant to see with his own eyes that issue. In 1834, the Emancipation Act was passed in the British Parliament, and freedom announced through all the western dominions of the realm; and as the reverberating sounds of freedom from the lips of 800,000 freed men ascended from the lovely isles of the west, the fervent thanksgivings of this venerable patriarch, mingled with them, and rose as grateful incense to the skies.

Happy, most happy, must have been his feelings at the remembrance that it was owing much to him that the genius of British Liberty had been aroused to exert her high prerogatives of freedom,—to give her lofty arbitrament on the side of African Liberty—to stand upon the white cliffs of England, and send the mandate across the ocean—

> "Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!
> Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
> Thus saith Britannia.—O, ye winds and waves!
> Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
> Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
> As far as Niger rolls his eastern tide—
> Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
> Thy chains are broken. AFRICA BE FREE!"—*Montgomery.*

It is not often a man is privileged to see in his own day and time the fruits of his own earnest labor, and the accomplishment of his ends. More frequently is it the case, that when some true architect of genius or philanthropy, has singled out some particular project, as his mission, that just as his plans have been completed, ere yet the foundation of them is fully laid, the mighty architect has been snatched from his labors, and to some kindred spirit has been left the work, of rearing and proportioning his fabric.

But in Mr. Clarkson's case the heavens were most propitious. Within the period of his mortal life, were included, not only the days of high and holy purpose,—the days of severe and earnest labor,—the days of painful sacrifice and suffering;—but likewise the glorious days of success and accomplishment for the two great leading purposes, which had engaged the labors of his life. One would have thought that having done so much—weighed down too beneath the accumulated weight of four score years, this aged patriarch would have ceased his labors. But no. In his youth he had put on the harness for life; and through life, he was determined to wear it. When the World's Anti-Slavery Convention met in London, Mr. Clarkson was present and acted as Chairman; evincing in this position, not only the universal honor in which he was held, but likewise the zeal of a venerable old man in the cause of freedom and our race. During the last few years he kept up a continual correspondence with Anti-Slavery men; interested himself in all measures tending to the improvement of the African race; and published several valuable treatises upon the subject, and especially in relation to its bearing on this country. And here I may remark that there are some peculiar reasons why we, children of Africa in this land, should in a peculiar manner, and for peculiar reasons, cherish the honored name of Clarkson. Our illustrious friend felt an exceeding interest in the cause of the colored race in this land, both bond and free. I have already called Mr. Clarkson a Philanthropist. And so he was, in the best, noblest sense, of that comprehensive and extensive word. His philanthropy was commensurate with the Christianity he professed. It took in all the world. "Not circumscribed by state lines or geographical bounds; he had an open ear and a sympathetic heart for the poor slave in southern fields, and the marked, proscribed, *free*-colored men suffering at the north, under the murderous system of caste." During the latter part of his life, Mr. Clarkson paid very considerable attention to the rights, interests, and condition of the colored race, in this land. The first manifestation of this interest was given in relation to the cause of Colonization. After a close and accurate investigation of this scheme, in the grounds of its origin, in the purposes it proclaimed, in the objects it aimed at, and in the means employed for its furtherance; with a discriminating judgment exercised upon the same, Mr. Clarkson renounced his connexion with the Colonization Society, and published to the whole world his loss of confidence in it; denouncing it as the handmaid of slavery and a great persecuting Institution of colored men. Since that time he has published

several pamphlets upon The System of Slavery—The prevalence of Caste—and one Addressed to the Christians of America of all Denominations. Just previous to his decease he wrote an article upon the American Union, in its relation to the continuance of Slavery therein. The manuscript of this he placed in the hands of George Thompson, Esq., to be published after his death.

Thus lived this good old man, his whole life a glorious adornment of the Holy Faith, which he professed. And now full of years, full of honors, abundant in good works even to the last; the time arrived for him to prepare to die. And in meekness and in faith he was made ready. On the 26th of September, the messenger came for him. He laid himself down quietly and submissively before his God; and after a few utterances, of his pure and simple faith, and his assured confidence in the Redeemer, he passed away to the spirit land.

Thus lived and died Thomas Clarkson, the illustrious friend of Africa and her children. And what a life! How glorious in its lofty goodness, its pure benevolence, its destructions of evil, its upbuilding the institutions of mercy and of love! In looking at it, even amid the solemnities of the death-chamber, the funeral, and the grave,—gloominess recedes; and the saying of the sacred writer occurs—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Indeed, grief has but brief opportunity at the demise of a man like Clarkson, so full of years, and with a life so perfectly finished and completed. No poignant grief is here; no incontrollable anguish. But we are awed and solemnized at the passing away from earth of that which is the grandest and most transcendent in human nature. Mr. Clarkson was pre-eminently the CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. This, I think, expresses him fully and entirely; and this is the ground of admiration and of reverence. In describing him, I do not think we fully meet his merits by the title of—great man, or Great Philanthropist. He was both of these indeed; yet he was more. It was *character* CHRISTIANIZED, which gave force and momentum to his name, and words, and life, and secured success to his aims from early manhood to extreme old age; and in this he furnishes a most glorious manifestation of the capacity of our holy religion. No such fruits are produced on heathen ground. Paganism has no such offerings to present, in all her histories. The "owlet Atheism," is barren and unproductive of such luminous gifts. It is Christianity which has such offspring, and Christianity alone; and when we desire to behold such lofty men as Clarkson, we must seek them amid the institutions of Christianity. And the life and labors, and principles of Clarkson, prove him to have been one of its very noblest fruits. Mr. Clarkson was a most eminent Christian. His whole life evidences it. His particular callings prove it. For while a quixotic feeling may prompt to glowing splendid schemes, in a foreign clime, to remedy an evil thousands of miles distant, the accomplishment of which might be coeval with the coming in of

the Grecian Kalends;—while a barren, fruitless religionism, might consent to dole out a stinted modicum of the word of life to the poor victims of slavery, to alleviate somewhat the ills of life—still keeping from them its full possession, and holding a tightened grasp upon them as property:—while a contemptuous and degrading pity,—a cent-per-cent philanthropy might induce a trying, wasting scheme of over-work,—requiring years for its fulfilment—wherein "hope deferred" would make the heart sick—and numbers would task themselves to death:—on the other hand, it was only a broad, colossal nature, constructed on the noblest scale—truly imaged after the divine—"the highest kind of man;" that could truly discriminate crime and error, and the distinctions of right and wrong—and without circumlocution or sophistry, go back immediately to those elementary ideas—those first principles,—the

"———Truths that wake
To perish never——"
Wordsworth.

and apply them promptly to the evil and the crime to which they were fitted; and within the allotted period of a single human existence, annihilate the evil, and originate and complete a Moral Revolution!

And now, fellow-citizens, having thus expressed our reverence for the name and character of this illustrious Philanthropist, let us not retire from this edifice to-night, without appropriating to ourselves some of the lofty teachings, and elevating influences, which the contemplation of his life is calculated to give. If it is true, that a really great man is a gift seldom granted the world; it is equally true, that the fewness of their visits is made up, in the permanent advantages they afford the world, in the healthful influences they send abroad, and from the clear light of truth, which comes streaming down from their day and time, more vital and luminous, than the spark of life which animated them during the period of their existence.

There is a depth, a power, an impressibility, about them, at once transcendant and majestic; diverse in different men, because of varied genius, diversified circumstances and dissimilar objects: yet in all, displaying a oneness in their beauty and their brightness.

The lives of some men are Poems. They are filled with light and adorned with grace and beauty. The lives of others are Martyrdoms. They die daily. The lives of another class are Heroisms. They do wondrous deeds and perform most marvellous acts. The lives of a few are Prophecies. They make revelations, and open the portals of the future. To cite no more than these:—How picturesque—how benign and gladsome,—how full of grandeur and sublimity—the lives of Xavier, and Heber, of Dante, Spenser, and Milton, (in his more early days;) and in Sacred Writ, Elijah and the beloved St. John: *These* lived in a world of light and beauty, they walked beneath the open heavens of sentiment and love, they "breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning."

How much of tearful agony, and ofttimes, of vicarious suffering is associated with the names of those glorious men, who for the vindication of Truth—for the advancement of Science—and for JESUS SAKE, were baptized with afflictions and agonies, even to the death! What tales the old grim Castles, the dark Dungeons, the Gibbet, the Battle-field, the Stake, the Cross—could tell, of suffering and of woe, aye, and of steadfastness and of patient endurance too, exhibited by those lofty creatures of human mould: martyrs of Science—martyrs of Goodness Truth and Love—GOSPEL MARTYRS—martyrs of Human Rights, and of Political Freedom! Socrates, Galileo, Kepler, Tell and Wenkelried, Wallace, Sidney and Hampden, and above all, the Prophets, the Apostles, the Primitive Christians, and the Reformers.

And these too, were the HEROES of the olden time, and of our more modern world—who trod earth with a loftier mein and carriage than the lowlier humbler sort of men—who performed wondrous deeds—"who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions!"

They were Prophets too, each in his own lot:—the men, who, while they enacted the wondrous in their own times, for their own day and generation, worked also for the future. Such a one was GALILEO, who exploded the errors of preceding generations, and revealed the phenomena of the heavens with exactitude and precision—Such a one was BACON, who dispelled the mist and darkness which enshrouded the human mind in its excursions after Truth, and gave it the light of a single Principle—the great sun in the heavens of intellect—by which we are enabled to make the farthest ventures in Science and investigation:—such were LUTHER and CRANMER, who swept away the meshes of error and superstition which had wound themselves round the mind of great nations for centuries; and opened upon the sight of man the clear, bright avenues of Truth, Salvation, and Eternal Life.

And the days, of high and lofty character—the days of the heroic, the martyr-like, and the prophetic, in human life, are not altogether in the past. Within the century in which we live, glorious displays of them all have been made, for the good of man and for the glory of God. The Anti-Slavery struggle brought them out in bold relief. The life and character of Clarkson is a bright and peculiar exemplification. In him there was a blending and a mingling of all these characteristics. How much of the *poetic* is discovered in the incidents of his early, almost youthful life. It is a complete Epic, with its grand and noble representations and its lofty teachings. There is that which is sublime, in the agonies of a youthful heart keeping time with the distressful pulsations of thousands of poor slaves, in dungeons and dark pestiferous slave barks:—a youthful soul, contending, striving against high hopes and lofty aspirations, and calmly putting them aside for a labor of love and human brotherhood.

And in the severe, the extraordinary labors of this great man—the risks he run in slave vessels, in dark, gloomy, murderous midships—meeting with grim and bloody pirates,—risking his life amid imminent

deadly dangers—laying out his strength in hard and wasting exertions; we have developed the Hero, and the Martyr-Spirit. The single incident of an obscure student starting up to battle a giant hoary evil, is wondrous as a spectacle, and in its teachings. "Here" remarks a writer of the day, "Here was a spectacle which men according to their feelings, would have called sublime or absurd; a young student of twenty-four, of narrow fortune, and almost unknown, devoting himself to a work from which Kings and Senators would have turned with dismay!"

Nor is the prophetic wanting in the character and the life of this distinguished man. It is expressed, clear, distinct and prominent. The ENERGY and the PRINCIPLES of men like Clarkson—men who grapple wrong and error with a tenacious and an iron grasp, have a ringing, sounding significance, heard and felt, long through aftertimes. It was thus with Clarkson from the start. In the earnest, systematic, positive, and determined step and glance of that young man, a slave-trader might have clearly seen at the offset, that the system would not be *suffered* to exist, however propped up and supported;—and that it MUST die. And by the power and the light of the lofty heaven-derived principles which Clarkson wielded—principles realized by success and accomplishment—we, the children of Africa, may take prophetic glance, and behold the glorious privileges and enlarged advantages of Freedom, springing up before us, all along the crowded avenues of coming times.

And, my friends, let us not suffer the rich instructions, and the massive treasures afforded us in the lives of Clarkson, and all other such great men, to pass us by, unheeded and disregarded. The lofty wisdom and the serene teaching which lie in them, let us appropriate to ourselves, and incorporate in our lives and characters. Sweeping away from before our sight, the mists of selfishness, and the films of earthiness, let us erect ourselves to the altitude and the proportions of noble men—furnish the world with the pictures of Beautiful Lives and Glorious Characters;- give demonstrations in our persons and histories, of the Heroic and Martyr-like;—anticipate the future by the force of Everlasting Principles and Eternal Truth; sending down the light thereof to coming times, by our own high conformity:—

> "Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime;
> And departing leave behind us,
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."—*Longfellow.*

While remembering with grateful feeling the Philanthropists of England of a past day, and honoring her noble dead, let us not be so forgetful nor so culpable, as to forget the Abolitionists of our own country, of a past day and of the present. Our deceased friend set us a noble example in this respect. Of this country, Abolitionist of these times were his friends, and such alone. Let us be true *now*, in their own day and peril, to these benefactors of our race, and friends of man.

Why should we wait until they have cast off this mortal coil and become clothed upon with immortality, to greet them and their memories, on the shores of eternity, when the meed of praise, and the thrilling tones of gratefulness, are *now* their due; and when too our beaming eyes and thankful utterances, may serve to cheer and animate them, amid their sweatful toil and their imminent dangers!

A more ardent, devoted, unselfish set of men the world hath never seen. Such manifestations of philanthropy, such tokens of love, such displays of kindness to the lowly and the abject; have rarely been eqalled amid all the histories of goodness which time hath ever recorded on her ample page. Their disinterestedness is equal to their other virtues. It is almost in vain we look among them for the intrusions of selfish purpose or vaunting ambition. Their exhibitions of self-sacrifice, and of fearless hearty zeal—their demonstrations of brotherhood and equality, are really touching and subduing. Honored and revered be these glorious men! They shed light upon our pathway in our day of darkness, and now as we are emerging from the gloom let us not forget their goodness.

I am thankful for this opportunity of associating in this my humble performance, their honored names beside the names of our English friends, with whom they ever lived in sympathy, and walked in unison. And my earnest desire is that our grateful remembrance of the one may ever be associated with the other.

Let no imputation of wildness against them, no senseless fanatical cry of fanaticism, no difference of faith or creed, no party feeling, no dissimilarity of views in regard to particular means or measures—not even casual exhibitions of rashness on their part;—keep us from rendering the tribute of praise and admiration to the most marked characters, and the most heroic beings of the age!—a set of men, who in all coming history will be regarded as they, alone, who, in their day and generation, retrieved their country and their age, from absolute imbecility and littleness.

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise;"—*Wordsworth.*

the memory of the Abolitionists of the past—the free and generous Benezet; the lofty and serene John Jay; the sage and venerable Franklin; the humane Matthew Clarkson; the christian-minded Rush; the noble-souled Tompkins; the august and incomparable Clinton:—and then the Philanthropists of the present day—Garrison, the Tappans, the Jays, the Smiths, the Birneys, the Welds and the Philips',—vindicators of our race and friends of the slave.

Finally, friends and fellow-citizens, let us not be unmindful of the prerogatives and the obligations arising from the fact, that the exhibition of the greatest talent, and the development of the most enlarged philanthropy in the 19th century, have been bestowed upon our race. The names of the great lights of the age—Statesmen, Poets, and Divines, in all the great countries of Europe, and in this country too, are inseparably connected with the cause and destiny of the African race. This has been the theme whence most of them have reaped honor and im-

mortality. This cause has produced the development of the most noble character of modern times;—has given the world a WILBERFORCE and a CLARKSON. Lowly and depressed as we have been, and as we now are, yet *our* interests, and *our* welfare, have agitated the chief countries of the world, and now, before all other questions, are shaking *this* nation to its very centre. The Providences of God have placed the Negro race, before Europe and America, in the most commanding position. From the sight of us, no nation, no statesmen, no ecclesiastics, and no ecclesiastical institution, can escape. And by us and our cause, the character and the greatness of individuals and of nations, in this day and generation of the world, are to be decided, either for good or for evil:—and so in all coming times, the memory and the fame of the chief actors now on the stage will be decided, by their relation to our cause. The discoveries of Science, the unfoldings of Literature, the dazzlings of Genius, all fade before the demands of this cause. This is the age of BROTHERHOOD AND HUMANITY; and the Negro Race is its most distinguished test and criterion.

And for what are all these providences? For nothing? He who thinks so must be blinded, must be demented. In these facts are wound up a most distinct significance, and with them are connected, most clear and emphatic obligations and responsibilities. I have already hinted at the relation they bore to the power-holding body in this country. But the clear-minded and thoughtful Colored Men of America—they too must mark the significance of these facts, and begin to feel the weight of these obligations and responsibilities. For more than two centuries we have been working our way up from the deep and dire degradation into which Slavery had plunged us. We have made considerable headway. By the vigorous use of the opportunities of our but partial freedom, we have been enabled, with the Divine blessing, to reach a position of respectability and character. We have pressed, somewhat, in the golden avenues of Science, Intelligence and Learning. We have made impressions there; and some few of our foot-prints have we left behind. The mild light of Religion has illumined our pathway, and Superstition and Error have fled apace. The greatest paradoxes are evinced by us. Amid the decay of nations, a rekindled life starts up in us. Burdens under which others expire, seem to have lost their influence upon us; and while *they* are "driven to the wall," destruction keeps far from us its blasting hand. We live in the region of death, yet seem hardly mortal. We cling to life in the midst of all reverses; and our nerve*ful* grasp thereon, cannot easily be relaxed. History reverses its mandates in our behalf:—our dotage is in the past. "Time writes not its wrinkles on our brow;" our juvenescence is in the future. All this, with the kindly nature which is acknowledgedly ours—with the gifts of freedom vouchsafed us by the Almighty in this land, in part, and in the West Indies,—with the intellectual desire every where manifesting itself—and the exceeding interest exhibited for Africa by her own children and by the Christian nations of the world; indicate that we may not gather a trivial meaning nor a narrow significance.

The teaching of God in all these things, is, undoubtedly, that ours is a great destiny, and that we should open our eyes to it. God is telling us all—that, whereas the past has been dark, grim and repulsive—the future shall be glorious;—that the horrid traffic that does

——" The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red;——*Shakspeare.*

shall yet be entirely staunched—that the whips and brands, the shackles and fetters of slavery shall be cast down to oblivion;—that the shades of Ignorance and Superstition, that have so long settled upon the mind of Africa, shall be dispelled;—and that all her sons, on her own broad continent, in the Western Isles, and in this Republic;—shall yet stand erect beneath the heavens,—

"With freedom chartered on their manly brows,"—*Coleridge.*

their bosoms swelling with its noblest raptures—treading the face of earth in the links of Brotherhood and Equality, and in the possession of an enlarged and glorious Liberty!

May we be equal to these providences, may we prove deserving such a destiny! And God grant that when at some future day, our ransomed, and cultivated posterity, shall stand where we now stand, and bear the burdens that we now bear; they may reap the fruits of our foresight, our virtues, and our high endeavor. And may they have the proud satisfaction of knowing, that we their ancestors, uncultured and unlearned, amid all trials and temptations, were men of integrity.— Recognized with gratefulness their truest friends dishonored and in peril. Were enabled to resist the seductions of ease and the intimidations of power. Were true to themselves, the age in which they lived, their abject race, and the cause of man. Shrunk not from trial, nor from suffering:—but conscious of Responsibility, and impelled by Duty; gave themselves up to the vindication of the high hopes, and the lofty aims of TRUE HUMANITY!

FREEDOM.

BY C. L. R.

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"Sans Toi l'univers est un temple
Qui n'a plus ni parfums, ni chants."

LAMARTINE.

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O Freedom! Freedom! O! how oft
Thy loving children call on Thee!
In wailings loud, and breathings soft,
Beseeching God, Thy face to see.

With agonizing hearts we kneel,
While 'round us howls the oppressor's cry,—
And suppliant pray, that we may feel
The ennob'ling glances of Thine eye.

We think of Thee as once we saw
Thee, jewel'd by Thy Father's hand,
Afar beside dark Egypt's shore,
Exulting with Thy ransom'd band.

We hear, as then, the thrilling song,
That hail'd Thy passage through the sea,—
While distant echoes still prolong
The cymbal'd anthem, sung to Thee.

And wafted yet, upon the gales
Borne pure and fresh from sunny skies,
Come startling words! that 'long the vales
Where Pelion and Ossa rise,

Were shouted by Thine own clear voice!
And Grecian hearts leap'd at the call:
E'en as now Patriot souls rejoice,
To see invading tyrants fall.

We view Thy stately form, loom o'er
The topmost of the seven hills!
While 'round Thee glittering eagles soar—
The symbol'd rise of freeborn wills.

Down in the plains, we still behold
The circled forums built to Thee;—
Hear Tully's strains, and Brutus bold,
Call on his country to be free.

When from those groves of citron bloom,
And classic Helle's vine clad shore,—
Through countries hung in castled gloom,
Attending winds Thy chariot bore,—

We followed Thee o'er all the fields
Of Europe, crimson-dyed with blood;
Where broken spears, and buried shields,
Now mark the spots where Thou hast stood.

At Morgarten, through drifting snows,
That seem'd to guard the Switzer's home!—
And where the walls of Sempach 'rose,
We saw the mail-clad Austrians come.

Three times we saw Thee bear the shock
Of stalworth knight, and plunging steed;—
And crush their front, as does the rock
The waves, that 'gainst its bosom speed.

Yet, vainly striving, Thou, to part
That brist'ling sea of pikes had'st tried,
Till Underwalden's patriot heart
Bore down the foe, and glorious died.

Yes! Victory, as Arnold fell,
Her white plume waved from every peak,—
And ringing loud, the voice of Tell
Still greater triumphs bade thee seek.

With trophies from Thy conflicts deck'd,
(Allied by God to injured men,)
We saw Thy struggle at Utrecht,
At Zealand, Braban, and Lutzen.

Where e'er the sunbeams flash'd, Thy shield
Lit up oppression's funeral pile;
And though o'erwhelm'd on Calsgrave field,
And banished from Thy sea-girt isle;

Yet cheering on Thy gallant Poles,
From Slavon bondage to be free,
We see Thy hurried pace, as tolls
The alarm of danger o'er the sea.

Above the heaving mountain crest,
As to the isles of thought and song
Thou bad'st adieu,—from out the west,
Were heard, deep mutterings of wrong.

On many a frozen battle ground,
Opposing swords were gleaming bright;
While 'long the skies, the thundering sound
Of cannon, 'woke the silent night.

Exulting in their mission high,
Columbia's sons had pledged Thy cause—
Thy first endeavor,—"to untie
The cords of caste and slavish laws."

Long years roll'd by, and still went on
The strife of man, 'gainst regal power:
Till, falsely, in Thy strength, was won,
Thy since, polluted, blood-stained dower.

We mourn for this! yet joyfully
O Freedom! we loud praises give,
That on Thine altar in the sea,
For us Thy holy fires live.

O! grant! unto our parent home,
Thy constant presence and Thy shield!
That when again rude hirelings come,
Though starr'd from every battle field,

The spirit of the patriot true,
Toussaint, the "man of men," may ring
The shrill war cry the welkin through,
And plain to mount the echo sing.

But not 'mid trick'ling blood and smoke,
The wailings of the dying foe,
The bayonet thrust—the sabre stroke,—
Canst Thou alone great victories show.

Along Thy pathway, glory shines:
And grateful wreaths before Thee fall:—
More worth than all Golconda's mines,
Or power, that twines in Coronal.

Thine is the mission, to subdue
The soul, encased in tripple steel;
And so the world with love imbue,
That tyrants shall before Thee kneel.

When from the slave's crush'd, aching heart,
The cry went up to Sabaoth's God,—
And man, with his immortal part,
Alike, were thrust beneath the sod,

We saw Thee wield convictions strength,
And heard Thy blows fall thick and fast;
While loud and clear through all the length
Of Britain, blew Thy trumpet blast.

Thou wast the answer! CLARKSON! *thou*
The mighty soul that woke to life!
That took the consecrated vow,
To conquer—perish in the strife.

Well hast thou fought, great pioneer!
The snows of age upon thy head,
Were Freedom's wreaths; by far, more dear,
Than finest sculpture o'er the dead.

We leave thee to thy long repose!
Thou hast the blessings of the slave:
We pray that at the world's dread close,
Thou rise *a freeman* from the grave.

What more can we O! Freedom! speak
In praise of Thee? our hearts grow faint!
Where else shall we Thy triumphs seek?
What fairer pictures can we paint?

We stand upon the shaking ground
Of tyranny! we call it home:
The earth is strewn with Christians bound,—
We've cried to Thee—Thou dost not come.

We know Thou hast Thy chosen few,—
The men of heart, who live by right,—
Who steadily their way pursue,
Though round them pall the shades of night.

We hold them dear: defamed, beset,
They fight the civil war of man:
The fiercest struggle, that has yet
Been waged against oppressions ban.

We give them thanks: the bondman's prayer
As holy incense soars on high,
That nought to Thee their love impair,
'Till shall be gained the victory.

But, O ! Great Spirit ! see'st Thou
Thy spotless ermine men defile ?
God's civil rulers cringing bow
To hate, and fraud, and customs vile !

The CHURCH, to her great charge untrue,
Keeps Christian guard, o'er slavery's den !
Her coward laymen, wrong pursue,
Her recreant priesthood, say—amen.

O ! purify each holy court !
The ministry of law and light !
That man, no longer, may be bought
To trample down his brother's right.

We lift imploring hands to Thee !
We cry for those in prison bound !
O ! in Thy strength, come ! Liberty !
And 'stablish right the wide world round.

We pray to see Thee, face to face :
To feel our souls grow strong and wide :
So ever shall our injured race,
By Thy firm principles abide.